Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, MAY 26, 1904. NUMBER 13

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY.

(John Rowlands, of Denbigh, N. Wales)

The above cut was made from an autograph photograph given by John Rowlands to his cousin, Henry Parry, of Aberdeen, South Dakota.

—*See page 196.*

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Notes 195
The Minister and the Ministry 197
In the Shadows.—*Richard Burton* 198
Marigolds.—*Bliss Carmen* 198
House and Home.—*Katharine Tynan Hinkson* 198
The Question of Independence.—*Lucia Ames Mead* 199
A Hymn for Memorial Day.—WILLIAM BRUNTON 200
THE PULPIT—
Plea for Music in Meadville.—PROF. F. A. CHRISTIE 201
THE FIELD—
Planning for Next Year's Work at the Lincoln Centre.—A. B. M. 203
The Western Unitarian Conference 204
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H. 205
Announcements 205

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

The Tower Hill Encampment

FOURTEENTH SEASON

OPEN FROM JULY 1 TO SEPTEMBER 15

IT is now time to make plans for next summer. Tower Hill is a place beautiful in situation, "far from the madding crowd," rich in traditions of earnest and free work and in the blessed memories of spiritual helps and helpers. There is a little colony of residents who seek retirement and renewal. There are a few cottages, rooms in long-houses, and tenting privileges; a common dining room, ice-house, water works, barns with horses, cows and garden, and the best of water from hydrants at the doors.

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

Fifteenth Season, will extend through Five Weeks—July 17 to August 20, inclusive.

DAILY PROGRAM---SATURDAYS FREE

Period I. 8:30-9:30—Science. Thomas R. Lloyd Jones, Principal of the Menomonie High School and President of the Tower Hill Summer School, in charge, assisted by Miss Rosalia A. Hatherell, of the Hillside Home School and Rev. Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa. Major Study, Fungi; minor study, insects and birds.

Period II. 10:00-10:30—Normal Work. First year of the seven years' course in religion, "Beginnings; or The Cradle Life of the Soul." Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Period III. 10:45-12. First two weeks, studies in Sociology, from John Ruskin. Mr. Jones.

Third week. The Prometheus Cycle of Legends by Miss Anne B. Mitchell. This study is for the purpose of extending acquaintance with myths that originate with the early races, grow clearer in the heroic legends of Hesiod and Homer, attain large proportions in the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, find fanciful outlet in "The Masque of Pandora" of Longfellow, noble rendering in the hands of Lowell and Gœthe, and reach culminating expression in the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley.

Fourth week. Some of Browning's Dramas. Mr. Jones.

Fifth week. Recent Poetry. Mr. Jones.

Afternoons, no work, evenings, lectures, stereopticon exhibits, at pleasure.

Porch readings, when school is not in session, the poetry of George Eliot, with perhaps a preliminary reconnoiter in Dante, in preparation for another year.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR SUNDAYS

For full particulars concerning encampment privileges, address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen; concerning the Summer School, address Jenkin Lloyd Jones, both at 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1904. NUMBER 13

May He who ever keeps
Watch over all, nor slumbereth nor sleeps,
Be near thee still with His supporting hand,
Thy cool rock shadow in a weary land.
So shall thou in thy daily duties move
By the still waters of our Father's love.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Those interested in Vacation Schools and Playgrounds will do well to send for a little pamphlet containing the report of a woman's club committee on this subject. It contains many hints and suggestions, besides indicating the progress made in this direction in Chicago. Doubtless a request made to the Woman's Club, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, will bring the pamphlet.

The recent action of the Presbyterian Assembly at Buffalo, looking toward the removal of that which might stand in the way of a union of the Presbyterian church, North and South, was a step commendable and significant. When the Cumberland Presbyterian church, the Presbyterian church North and the Presbyterian church South come together, it will be one step further in the interest of that federation of churches for which civilization and religion alike cry out. It is a poor religious gathering in this day that does not actively, publicly, and officially prepare the way for the growing togetherness, which is the test of the religious spirit today.

We take pleasure in printing in another column an article from the pen of Lucia Ames Mead, which we clip from the columns of the *Springfield Sunday Republican.* The question of the Filipinos will not down. Although interest in it may abate and the sensational quality of it subside, it will remain as the one great ethical responsibility of the republic until a great wrong is righted and a high duty is performed. Mrs. Mead is just in her estimate of the attitude of Secretary Taft and the *Outlook;* but Theodore Parker used to say that the earth was ready for a new idea whenever it arrived. We commend our readers to Mrs. Mead's article on the question of independence.

And now Morgan Park, Ill., is exploiting a union of non-union men and the struggle threatens to be, not between the organized and the unorganized, but between the members of two organizations. Perhaps this is the way out. Out of the multiplication of antagonistic organizations there may come a combination that will seek to advance the common interest of all concerned. So long as capital is effectively organized on the one hand and labor seeks to accomplish an equally effective organization on the other, there can be but war. Some day there will be a federation to further their common interests, or at least a common ground established by mutual consent to adjust differences, each party being obliged to abide by such decisions. And this is the compulsory arbitration that so many are afraid of.

The pages of UNITY were tendered to the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, which recently held its fifty-second annual meeting. Such reports as have reached us appear in another column. We will be glad to publish further accounts of their deliberations, reports of their officers, and such papers and addresses as may be offered for publication. Hoping for further copy, we withhold editorial comment, except to say that the meeting was highly satisfactory, finances were easy, prospects encouraging, and a thought program of high order was given. To further reports we may add further comment.

That W. J. Bryan misinterpreted the signs of the times on the currency question in his discussions as candidate for the presidency is demonstrated by subsequent history, but when his ill success as a presidential candidate is forgotten and his gloomy prophecies concerning financial outcomes have been disproved, enemies and friends alike will agree that he is a right-hearted man and a man of ideals. It was a favored audience at the Hull House auditorium that last Sunday heard him speak on "The Value of Ideals." The better elements in all parties, the aspiring people everywhere, need the spiritual tonic contained in such passages as this:

> "It should not be a question of expediency with parties. We are too much prone to ignore the question, 'Is it right?' and consider the question, 'Will it win or pay?' It is better that we should raise our ideal than to carry an election. Taking a period of twenty-five or fifty years, the party with the highest ideal will dominate the country."

Our Best Words for April-May contains detailed information concerning the coming Lithia Springs Chautauqua, of which Jasper Douthit, the Editor of *Our Best Words,* is chief director. The number is illustrated with the portraits of many of the speakers. Lithia Springs Chautauqua is unique in having combined the method and spirit of Chautauqua with the open theology. Brother Douthit is himself a Unitarian missionary who for a long generation of life has held up the banner of progressive free thought in Shelbyville county. Lithia Springs represents the ancestral estate of the Douthits, and the great trees and the hurrying waters invite those who would combine rest and study, fellowship and devotion. We take pleasure in commending the Lithia Springs Assembly, which

will be in session from August 5th to August 23rd. Further particulars can be obtained from the manager, Jasper L. Douthit, Shelbyville, Ill.

Edward Everett Hale has returned to Boston from his winter's service as Chaplain of the Senate. He has come to work for the peace he has prayed for. He will be a striking figure at the International Peace Congress that is to meet in Boston next autumn. Surely, Boston's "Grand Old Man," who will have reached his four score and two, will be a conspicuous leader in the demand for an abatement of war and the establishment of an international court of arbitration, which is Dr. Hale's favorite contention. When the Peace Congress comes to Boston it comes to its own. As far back as 1816 William Ellery Channing drafted a Memorial to the President of the United States asking for international arbitration. The Mayor of Boston has already invited two hundred and fifty of the leading business and professional men to come into council, that they may make fitting preparation for the thirteenth International Peace Congress.

The Woman's Club of Boston on the second inst. held high festival in celebration of the centennial of Elizabeth Peabody, at one time characterized as the "Grandmother of Boston"; she herself once characterized herself to the present writer as "the grandmother of all kindergartners in America." Dr. Harris at this celebration reminded his hearers that she started the first public kindergarten in America in 1870. Col. Higginson in his speech said that James Freeman Clarke had touched off her quality by saying, "She was always supplying some want which had first been created." A high mission is that of making wants; much higher than the supplying of them. George Eliot described genius as "a parching thirst for a perfection undemanded by one's neighbor." It is low living that lives only up to the outward standard or that supplies only the felt wants. A great missionary is he who creates wants that others perchance must supply.

We print on our front page the portrait of one whose death is mourned throughout the civilized world, of one whose achievements are celebrated in the journals of the civilized world, a titled man, for whose ashes a place was claimed in Westminster Abbey, but by some maladjustments or false perspective this honor was denied him. But it is not the portrait of Sir Henry M. Stanley that we publish, but the portrait of the humble John Rowlands, from a photograph owned by a cousin in far-off Dakota. The photograph was taken before the great achievements and before the titles were bestowed, but the autograph attached to the picture was written by one who was at no time ashamed of his humble Welsh origin or his rustic kindred who loved and admired him by his Welsh name given above. He loved, honored and to the end was affectionately tender of the peasant mother who gave him birth. Stanley was the name of his New Orleans benefactor, who befriended the wandering waif. His training for his high adventure was received in a Confederate soldiers' camp and in Indian service in the West. The name John Rowlands is lost, except to a few kindred and in an out-of-the-way Welsh vale. But domestic love, the loneliness of a wanderer, and the simplicity of an honest heart contributed to the luster that gathers around the Stanley name.

The recent experiences of the republican party in Illinois and Wisconsin are of a distressing kind. The prolonged deadlock in Illinois necessitated, after fifty-eight consecutive ballots, an adjournment of ten days, hoping that thereby somebody's ranks could be broken. In Wisconsin the majority's triumph so exasperated the stalwart minority that a protesting convention was organized and another ticket put in the field. All personalities aside, assuming grievous mistakes and unworthy purposes on all sides, the main contention in either case is a contention of the independents against machine methods of the stalwarts. In Illinois the present incumbent of the governor's chair has organized his 2,000 and more employes into a compact body-guard, that is determined to die with the leader if need be in the last ditch. Col. Lowden, a man of great wealth, son-in-law of Pullman, an inheritor of a large part of the Pullman car income, has organized his body of followers, winning them by a lavish hand and sustaining them in a princely fashion. Deneen, the champion of the independent element, has his band of supporters closely organized to resist, and if possible to overcome, the close compacts of the other rivals. The development last week showed a painful political reversion to the ideals of feudal ages, where the barons (sometimes called "robber barons," on account of their crimes against society and high-handed disregard for the demands of civilization) used to force their personal claims by the sworn support of their villain henchmen. This voting of delegates in blocks brought about the hopeless deadlock, in which the interest of the state, the judgment of the individual delegates, and the wishes of their constituencies were unblushingly ignored and criminally endangered. Any just interpretation of the principles of republican government requires that in such a dire emergency delegates should be freed from all promises in order that they may exercise their own judgment, based on the situation at the time of voting rather than at the time of their election. And in order to better secure such freedom the Australian ballot should be adopted, and that candidate should be regarded most worthy of the suffrage of the delegates and their constituencies who is furthest removed from all official interference, intimidation, bribes and from the prostitution of public office and officials to individual gains and ambitions. In Wisconsin, personalities all aside, the main contention of Governor La Follette's supporters represents the central interests of republicanism in America to-day, viz., direct primary laws for the nomination of candidates and the adequate legislation for the control of corporations and a proportional taxation of the same.

"The Minister and the Ministry."

Last Sunday night a tender and beautiful birthday service was held at the Christian Union church in Rockford, Ill. That the birthday celebration was necessarily a memorial service made it all the more beautiful and tender. It was the eightieth anniversary of the birthday of the beloved pastor, Thomas Kerr, who had passed on some four months previously. It was, as his successor, Rev. Mr. Bryant said, an occasion not of mourning but of rejoicing; they did not come to tell of their loss, but of their "Great Inheritance." This phrase was the subject of Mr. Bryant's morning discourse; his word was then said, so that the evening program was devoted to beautiful music, instrumental and vocal, the reading of letters and tributes from distant friends, the singing of Dr. Kerr's favorite hymn, "It Singeth Low in Every Heart," and an address by the Editor of UNITY. The letters, some of them, were received soon after the death, but did not come in time to be read at the funeral service or to be published in the Memorial number of UNITY, and so we make space for them in this issue.

Jan. 14, 1904.

FROM ROBERT COLLYER.

I thank you heartily for the papers you have sent me with these beautiful testimonies touching the life and work of my dear old friend, Dr. Kerr. I had not seen any notice of his death in our New York papers, so this was a surprise to me, but not a sorrow, save that I shall see his face no more. Steadily I have held the wish in my heart of a visit to Rockford on some fortunate day, to greet him in his home and also make good a promise to preach to his people in answer to a very old invitation. But man proposes, and now the promise can never be made good.

I have always held Dr. Kerr in pure esteem, with the host of those far and wide who have known him. He was so staunch and true, and the work he has done through all these years so noble and good. Once in the old, old time it was my good fortune to spend a few days with him at a summer camp on some lakes, when we had long talks together about questions that lay near our hearts. These are pleasant days to hold in remembrance, and will be to the end of my time and tether. His hair so long ago was a crown of glory, and it is wonderful to notice what a slight change the many years have made in the noble face. I feel also more than a bit drawn to Rockford and his church, because I had the pleasure of preaching there now and then when Mr. Conant was the minister of our church which died and rose again in yours, and I presume some are still alive and remain who remember these times.

Will you please give my loving remembrance to—well, to the whole church? Indeed yours,

ROBERT COLLYER.

201 West Fifty-fifth street, New York City.

FROM HIRAM W. THOMAS.

The greatest faith is not afraid to trust reason and truth, to trust God and man. Having less faith the minds of the past sought to bind the religious beliefs of the time upon the future, and in this way prevent possible changes in the established creeds. But the new astronomy, geology, evolution and historic criticism greatly opened the mind to larger thoughts upon the great questions of religion and it became evident to thinkers that the old teaching must give place to views more in harmony with the larger knowledge of the new age.

The Unitarians and Universalists have done an enlightening work along the special denominational lines, and the orthodox churches began to feel the pressure of awakening thought and stood in solid array against any forward movement. Afraid to trust reason and truth the clergy felt that the only safe way was to stand by the old doctrines in which most of them sincerely believed. But there were others with open vision, who came to see and deeply feel the heavy and needless burdens such doctrines placed upon reason and faith. What were these open, honest minds and hearts to do? They must be true to themselves. The difficulties that stood in their way crowded the path of others: they must be true to the public. To teach the truth as they saw it was to bring trouble upon themselves and the church. It meant to leave or to be forced to leave the old religious home in which they had lived and worshipped. Only those who have passed through such trying experiences can fully know what they mean.

Such was the condition which our dear Brother Kerr had to face and accept the result of his own honest thinking. It was not a doubt about the divine reality of religion that gave him concern, for of this he felt all the more sure in the light of the larger and better faith and hope, and there was ever a fresh and glad inspiration in his message to those who were trying to find some way out of the darkness of the old doubts. The trouble, the sorrow was in having to leave the old home of his friends, and friendships of the long years, and begin to build anew.

Dr. Kerr heard the call of truth and duty and in a great and beautiful faith and consecration trusted all to the will and leading of the Divine. In tender sympathy for the church, he put no extra burden upon her, but in loving word tendered his resignation from the pulpit in which he could no longer conscientiously stand. Up to this point he had not concealed the careful steps by which he found his way from the old to the new, and those who had followed his thought journeyed along with him, and these faithful souls went forth as companions and helpers, and were joined by others in the longer and larger task of establishing the first independent church in the northwest.

It was fortunate that this new movement had for its leader one so fitted by high natural abilities, classical culture, large experience, deep piety and a great heart and life of love to give strength and shaping to all its affairs. Dr. Kerr has been called the pioneer and "Patriarch." In the largest sense he stood for the rights of reason and conscience in religion, and for justice and brotherhood in the social order. And it is now gladly confessed by those who feared the results, that changes in religious beliefs need not mean loss of faith or lowering of ideals in the ever becoming and self transcending life of man.

The world has run forward rapidly. In the larger vision and catholicity of these great years the lines of separation are less marked. Freedom, sincerity and goodness are accentuated, and when Dr. Kerr passed away from the scenes of earth, few, if any, voices were silent in the loving tributes paid to the one who had led the way to religious independency in the northwest.

He lived and wrought for the good of all, and his influence will be a continuous inspiration in the larger time to come.

O noble friend, friend of man, friend of God, farewell and hail.

De Funiak Springs, Fla.

FROM CHARLES W. WENDTE.

It is with sincere sorrow that I learn that I am not to have the privilege on earth of again meeting our revered friend, Dr. Kerr. In the days succeeding the great Chicago fire we were much to each other. I honored and loved him as a truth seeker, a free thinker, a devout worshipper of the God, not of tradition and creed, but of nature and the soul. His conscientiousness, simplicity and genial optimism, his cheery and affectionate spirit, his courage and faith, greatly endeared him to us and made him an inspiring presence in our midst.

It is nearly thirty years since I last saw him in the flesh, yet he is a very distinct memory, so deeply did he impress himself upon all who knew him.

"From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives.
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives."

Theodore Parker Memorial, Boston, Mass.

Resolution passed by the Western Unitarian Conference in session at the Third Unitarian Church, Thursday, May 19, 1904:

Rev. Dr. Thomas Kerr departed this earth in January, 1904. He maintained while with us, and left for our possession when he departed, a manner of life so high, devoted and faithful, that the Western Conference owes, both as duty and love, an expression of our feeling and our respect. Therefore,

Resolved, That the simple honesty and courage of Dr. Kerr, a pure truth-loving power of thought, and a clear truth-serving statement, uniting in a brave honesty of act and speech, deserve and receive our reverential recollection, and remain as great example to us in our duties as truth seekers in the church. That Dr. Kerr's largeness of mind, his gracious personal manners, kindness and fellowship, and his fine humility of spirit also, gave ease and encouragement to all who met him or sought him, and made his presence with us always a refreshment and power. That his long and faithful service of one church and in one community achieved the most precious kind of results granted to our faith, to the ministry and to the church.

That we offer our sympathy and fellowship to all relatives and friends who, like us, are bereaved by Dr. Kerr's departure.

The spokesman of the evening outlined his conception of the ideal minister. He said in part that one of the earliest specializations in primitive society was the medicine man, from whom in due time were evolved king, law-giver, judge, lawyer, physician, teacher, preacher and priest. This was natural and inevitable, for wherever life is there must be pain, separation, death, anxieties, aspirations and disappointments, and the strong man must console, strengthen, inspire and lead; and notwithstanding all these subsequent specializations, the primal task remains—there is still a place for him who can minister to broken hearts, strengthen flagging wills, unite discordant elements. To fill this office, one must understand the needs of body and mind; be conversant with the revelations of the laboratory, as well as of the library; he must be a reconciling element in discordant communities; spokesman for the down-trodden, companion of the neglected; discoverer and then interpreter of God in nature and in history.

In an age of great commercial triumph and material prosperity the minister was called upon to break through the crust of things and discover the spirit more permanent, to reveal the treasures that cannot be taken away.

In an age of doubt it is for the minister to discriminate between secondary and primary things; to discover the things that remain, and to strengthen them. In an age of dogmatism and sectarian antagonism and denominational pride and patriotism, the minister of religion must discover and occupy the overlapping territory, the ground held in common. In an age of theological equivocation, creedal prevarication, it is the minister's business to ring true and to say the final word.

Such a minister will be on duty seven days in the week; his message will be enforced by modern as well as by ancient scripture, the revealments of the laboratory as well as the revealments of history. The ministers or churches who undertake to segregate spiritual interests and to leave out certain verities labeled "Science," "Reform" and "Sociological Problems," will find themselves bargaining for spiritual apathy; they will be administering to stolid hearts, and will find an unresponsive community.

How far our friend and fellow-worker, Thomas Kerr, fitted into this ideal, you, his neighbors, loving parishioners and fellow citizens, through a long generation of time, can best judge. Suffice it for me to say what has often been said before, that his preparation was ample on all these lines; his sympathies were open; his independence was conspicuous. Thirty-three years ago he seemed to pass out of the sympathies and fellowships of this community; neighbors distrusted him, deplored him. The same community, with tearful eyes, followed his body to the tomb, and willingly testified to the obvious fact that the Christian Union had not only lost a beloved pastor, religion and science a skilled reconciler, and the churches a common element, but that Rockford had also lost its leading citizen; indeed, the state of Illinois has lost a "Grand Old Man," if not, all things considered, its "Grandest Old Man."

In the Shadows.

As the shadows filled the room with peace,
We spoke of our absent friends;
How some were dead and some were sped
To the far-away earth ends.

And by some magic of yearning hearts,
The lost seemed warm and near;
Yea, loved so much he could almost touch
Their hands and feel them here.

And when the lamps were lit, and speech
Waxed merrier, yet the place
Felt strangely bare, and each one there
Missed some beloved face.

—*Richard Burton.*

Marigolds.

The marigolds are nodding;
I wonder what they know.
Go, listen very gently;
You may persuade them so.

Go, be their little brother,
As humble as the grass,
And lean upon the hill-wind,
And watch the shadows pass.

Put off the pride of knowledge,
Put by the fear of pain;
You may be counted worthy
To live with them again.

Be Darwin in your patience,
Be Chaucer in your love;
They may relent and tell you
What they are thinking of.

—*Bliss Carmen.*

House and Home.

Where is the house, the house we love?
By field or river, square or street,
The house our hearts go dreaming of,
That lonely waits our hurrying feet;
The house to which we come, we come,
To make that happy house our home.

Is it under gray London skies?
Or somewhat hid in nelds and trees,
With gardens where a musk wind sighs,
Or one brown plot to grow heartsease?
I know not. Where it stands it holds
Our secret that the days unfold.

O dear dream-house, for you I store
A medley of such curious things
As a wise thrush goes counting o'er,
Ere the glad moon of songs and wings,
Where a small nest makes all her heaven,
And a true mate that sings at even.

Up those dim stairs my heart will steal,
And quietly through the listening rooms,
And long in prayerful love will kneel
And in the sweet-aired twilight glooms
Will set a curtain straight, or chair,
And dust and order and make fair.

O tarrying Time, hasten, until
You light our hearth-fires, dear and warm,
Set pictures on those walls so chill
And draw our curtains 'gainst the storm,
And shut us in together, Time,
In a new world, a happier clime.

Whether our house be new or old
We care not; we will drive away
From last year's nest its memories cold,
And all be gold that once was gray.
O dear dream-house, for which we pray,
Our feet come slowly up your way.

—*Katharine Tynan Hinkson.*

The Question of Independence.

Fraternalism, Paternalism and Imperialism.

To the Editor of the Republican:—

Secretary Taft's recent utterances on Philippine independence express the careful judgment of an able and experienced man. As one who respects him as a true friend of the Filipinos, while disagreeing with his conclusions, I ask attention to the following considerations concerning his Peoria address, revised and printed with editorial comments in the *Outlook*.

The nation's attitude toward Philippine independence must be determined by the settlement in the first place of the fundamental question of our moral right to force sovereignty upon protesting aliens, upon whom we have no claim. Decency and the world's progress forbid neglect of weaker peoples. We must either treat them fraternally, paternally or imperially. True fraternal treatment—lending a helpful hand, as England did with the Malay states under Sir Andrew Clarke—has never failed whenever, in the rare instances in history, it has been tried. We treated Japan fraternally, and we are not ashamed of the result. Paternal treatment, such as we gave Cuba, recognizing, as a father does in a child, potential political equality, yet the need of temporary guidance and control, has often been justifiable, when it has not meant killing men to make them yield.

We used neither of our accustomed methods of fraternal or paternal treatment in dealing with the Philippines. Secretary Taft fancies that in some future age they might possibly be glad to be related to us as Canada and Australia are to England. He forgets that whatever bond binds a daughter to a mother-land is based on blood relationship ad oneness of tradition. Possessions and colonies are as diverse as servants and children in a household. That masked phrase, "colonial policy," has done much to confuse the man who reads newspaper headlines and not history, to learn what he shall think. We can never have a colonial policy with any except our own blood.

Instead of the fraternal or paternal way, we are electing to imitate old world imperial methods in the Philippines. For imperialism, whatever else it may include, means the control of a weak people by a strong one without any promise of granting them either independence, or political equality and incorporation. It simply means treating the Philippines as England treats India. Does the United States want to be responsible for the multiplication of Indias?

A promise of independence to these brown men would leave our position a paternal one; and it would mean far more than mere independence to them. It would mean that every weak nation upon earth which might have relations to us would breathe freer and lose dread of our aggression. It would mean that fear and jealousy would be supplanted by genuine respect throughout the world; that our dangerously growing militancy would be checked, and that we should again stand pre-eminent upon the height of progress toward world organization and peace, whence the Old World has seen us step down to push and elbow our way in the crowd with others, while boasting that we had thus become a "world power." Rear Admiral Taylor at the recent Reform club banquet in Boston, in reply to a question, admitted that if it were not for our Philippine possessions we could reduce our navy one-half.

Secretary Taft, in his Cincinnati speech, claims that those who urge a promise of Philippine independence do it for the sake of maintaining "consistency." This charge is gratuitous and groundless. Secretary Taft should certainly know that this demand has been undeviatingly based upon profound conviction and a clear political philosophy. If the talk is of consistency, may it not with real force and with full warrant be maintained that it is for the sake of a poor consistency that the present policy in the Philippines is continued? Do our intelligent people really believe that if the nation had free choice today it would do as it has done?

It is no mere coincidence that race hatred and civic corruption have had such a recrudescence among us since we became imperialistic in our foreign policy, and that there is everywhere manifest in the republic such an indifference to things spiritual as we have not seen for over half a century. The issue raised is not as Secretary Taft asserts, that "a self-government by a people must be better than any government of the people by any other government." No; government by an ignorant people may be far worse. But smooth-running, honest government is not the primary thing. If it were, our national government would rightfully interfere when Kentucky feuds and Philadelphia ballot-box stuffing result in anarchy and typhoid epidemics. So long as Kentucky and Philadelphia do not become a menace to the rest of the country we say "hands off" until they correct their own evils; for only so will they be permanently corrected and the people grow. Meanwhile, let us help Berea college and Philadelphia reformers.

The prime question is, what right have we to refuse independence to any people as soon as, with whatever institutions they choose, they can keep the peace and be no menace to the world? Our demand that Filipinos should learn a higher form of government than that attained by Persia, Russia and like peoples, before they are permitted independence is a threat to the sovereignty of every weak and politically undeveloped people with whom we have relations. Once assert the principle that the Filipinos shall have no independence until they have achieved a self-control and experience and virtue which some parts of our own country have not yet reached, and we make our government logically a menace to half the world. We take an arrogant and offensive position and make the latest and most difficult form of government the only one that shall be recognized before independence is a right. In the century just opening no question is more important than the relation of the strong, progressive races to the backward ones. The settlement of our Philippine policy makes a momentous precedent.

The only just and proper prerequisite to granting independence to any people is peace and safety. These may be had under kings, dictators, or oligarchies as truly as under presidents of republics. The question of relative virtues of different forms of government is another question.

Secretary Taft's confidence in our people to do the right thing by the Filipino when he is fit to run a republic is touching. Does he forget that eight years ago nearly half our voters, after a stupendous "campaign of education," voted that "the right thing" was to have free silver? His party at any rate cannot view that as a credential of complete political wisdom in our people. Does he forget how many times he has himself appealed in vain to Congress for just legislation for these islands? Does he not know that our average citizen has ten times more interest in campaigns on the Yalu than in tariff or shipping privileges or anything else that concerns the Philippines?

Ask the average grocer, clerk and farmer—the "staunch common people" whose supposed honesty and good sense we are told we may fall back on to save us from despair when we lay down books like Steffens' "The Shame of the Great Cities"—ask these

what they think we ought to do with the Philippines. Their answer is generally a stare. They do not think. They are for the most part relegating all thought on the deepest and most vital principle of government to a handful of men at Washington. "I guess the President will pull us through;" "I'll trust Uncle Sam to do the right thing!" is the comfortable conclusion of the descendant of the Puritans whose initiative and sense of responsibility is so slight that he is losing consciousness that "Uncle Sam" is nothing other than his neighbors and himself. Out of perhaps seventy-five intelligent Bostonians whom I have asked as to who they supposed was paying for the Philippine education, nine out of ten have been surprised to learn that the Philippines themselves, and not the United States, were paying the bills. The American common people have actually supposed that we were in the missionary business there, generously giving millions to these brown men. The sole gift we have bestowed has been $3,000,000—something less than half the cost of one battleship— during the period of famine and cholera.

Do we want to shorten the century and a half which Secretary Taft thinks may elapse before the Filipinos are "fit"? We can do so. Half of the $96,000,000 of this year's naval budget which we are told is necessary on account of our relation to the Philippines would give a five years' education to every man, woman and child in the Philippines capable of learning to use his hands or brains. Today only 225,000 persons, at a cost of less than $1,300,000, are receiving education. In the savings of three years we could thus pay for fifteen years' industrial and political training for every Filipino, and at the same time save saddling our children with the burden of a billion dollars' expenditure for superfluous battleships.

The *Outlook* claims that, "So far as Philippine independence is a subject concerning which any one can speak with authority, it is a subject that demands personal acquaintance of the most varied character with the Philippines." This means that, in the nature of the case, only a few travelers and special students in this republic are competent to deal with a question which vitally concerns not only 8,000,000 people whom we govern, but concerns also the ethics of government, the basis of sovereignty, the right of independence, and our justification for future action toward other peoples. The *Outlook's* claim is the severest arraignment of the possibility of our having a government "by the people" that could well be conceived. On a vital political question, college presidents are deemed incompetent judges! Personal acquaintance with Philippine ethnology, topography and technical details are assumed to be essential for the settlement, not of a campaign or an investment or the making of a commercial treaty, but of the foundation principles on which our whole future political action rests.

We all respect Secretary Taft as a good and wise man. We all have the same respect for the reverend prelate in the Vatican. When those of us who are Protestants reject the religious tenets peculiar to his branch of the Christian church, it is with the distinct confession that the pope knows a thousand times as much as we regarding all detail of its history and doctrine. Secretary Taft knows far more than 40 college presidents combined about details of the Philippine life and conditions. But his opinion of whether our voters can be trusted to do justice 100 years hence to people of alien race and instincts, which is a cardinal point at issue, is worth no more than that of any other man of equal intelligence. Jefferson Davis and Robert Toombs knew ten times as much about the negroes and the conditions of slavery in the South before the war as Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner. Were they therefore better judges of the institution of slavery? We have not yet, at any rate, formed the fixed habit of counting them infallible. Neither in Massachusetts, because we have not many of us had "personal experience" in the black belt, do we yet concede the claim made here this winter by the Georgia congressman and the Arkansas bishop, that we should leave the settlement of the political status of the negro to the white folks there, who have summered and wintered him, and therefore know better than northern college professors "what they are talking about." Indeed in each successive chapter of this unhappy Philippine history we have accepted flatly the old southern logic—and we are paying the price.

Our duty to promise independence to the Philippines as soon as, under any form of government which they choose, or which naturally and properly comes to control, they can keep the peace and be no menace to other peoples, is one recognized and earnestly enforced by President Schurman and many others of high intelligence who, as well as Secretary Taft, have "personal" knowledge of the Philippines. In the matter of personal experience and knowledge of the Filipino people, it is a question of one set of men against another. Disagreement about fact is just as common as disagreement about theory. Secretary Taft's own position, we cannot fail to mark, grows less liberal the farther his distance from Manila and the longer his life in the atmosphere of Washington. Can we conceive him talking a year ago about "150 years hence" as the possible time for considering Filipino independence? The differences between the petitioners and Secretary Taft have nothing to do with the extent of their respective opportunities for particular observation. They have nothing to do with ideas of expediency or consistency. They are profound differences in political philosophy.

—*Lucia Ames Mead.*

Boston, May 12, 1904.

A Hymn for Memorial Day.

Dear Father of our wide, wide world,
And God of all the worlds above,
Be in our hearts as peace empearled;
Unite us in the bonds of love.

Upon the battle fields of old
Thy grass and fragrant flowers have grown,
The clouds of hate away have rolled
And broader brotherhood is shown.

Thy sky is one far as the eye
Can see—and reaches farther on;
Beneath it all the nations lie,
So all its people should be one.

There is no need of war and greed,
No call at all for reign of might;
But love's pure creed of helpful deed
Should go with gladness of thy light.

Dear Father of thy Maytime earth,
And all the blossomed stars above,
Create in us new springtide worth.
Oh, fill our hearts with flowers of love.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

A HALF MILLION ACRES.

Government Lands Open for Settlement

in the Rosebud Indian Reservation in Southeastern South Dakota. The Chicago & North-Western Ry. is the direct line from Chicago to Bonesteel on the reservation border. Send 2-cent stamp for pamphlet "New Homes in the West," containing maps and full information as to the allotment of these fertile lands.

THE PULPIT.

Plea for Music in Meadville.

A Paper Read by Professor F. A. Christie Before the Round Table, and to Carry Out One of the Suggestions in Which a Committee Has Been Appointed and is Already at Work.

Music—not musicians—is the theme, and we shall deal with music not as a polite parlor accomplishment, but as something indispensable to the full satisfaction of living in Meadville. Let us take for granted that we earn a living in Meadville, and that we are making a decent effort to face the climate and be good. That is considerable, but it is not enough. We could do all that elsewhere. We want to face not only the climate, but the man from Boston, and make him believe that we are happy here. That a de-Bostonized existence can be life, adequate life and gratified life, that is a proposition difficult to drive into the Bostonian mind. It is but fair to say that the Bostonian has had some ground for his inelastic prejudices. His was the first of American cities to have something like completeness of human life within its own borders and to-day, if it has ceased to be a center of literature, it is a center of art. In particular it is a place where one who hungers for the enchantment of music can be fed. There are parts of the world where even communities of trivial size have a feast that makes our life seem like a perpetual Lent.

I think of a brilliant June morning in a Thuringian village, where the hillsides echoed with bird calls as they do here, where as here the morning dew glittered on the rose leaves and the foliage, but where all unlike our ways here we sat under the trees and heard an orchestra play Liszt's Second Rhapsody. Would it not be possible to add the rhapsody to some of our fair June mornings? I think of a Hessian town not unlike ours in dimension and resources where a Good Friday was marked by a performance of Bach's Passion according to St. Matthew. Those who gathered there had far less belief than we in that which Passion week commemorates, but an unbelieving German philosopher who was present was moved by the exalted emotion of that day to demand in eloquent pages for the retention in unbelief of a spiritual experience so profound and pure as this that was borne in upon men's inner natures by the sacred music of Bach.

Shall we be content to deny ourselves such great moments here in Meadville? Why should it be only a far off memory brought from a rather obscure Hessian town? Why should one go to any other scene to have a full, rich experience that uses men for its creation? This is the point of view from which we are to think of music in Meadville. If I should attempt to speak of music pure and simple as an art, the Round Table would remind me that this is no art club or literary gathering gloating over artistic sensations. The Round Table deals with life in Meadville and in America in some earnest and substantial fashion. Ultimately all the things we discuss here are fragments of the one great social problem, and I for one should be unwilling to introduce the subject of music here except in relation to this supreme interest of creating and maintaining a full, intense, happy and worthy human life, to be shared by each and all. The purpose of this paper is to argue that for the achievement of the best common life in Meadville it should be the policy of social leaders and of the municipal government to foster the art of music here and make the delight of good music possible for all.

I shall maintain that an organized social effort should be made to insure for winter life in Meadville the performance of the best music. I shall maintain further that the municipality should provide a hall which, beside all its other uses, should serve as a music hall and should subsidize an orchestra. I hope to shatter the dignity of those old-fashioned persons who think that taxes should be levied only for schools, police and fire protection and the care of the streets. I hold that if a community has the right to close the saloons it has the right to open a music hall. The two institutions serve a need. If Meadville is to be only a station on the Erie railroad where people earn a living, the deep, inherent craving for stimulus and excitement will inevitably drive large numbers to intemperance and vice.

England has a district known as "the black country," where people are not expected to live, but only to work in a cloud of coal smoke. The net result is gin and sexual depravity. It was against such an existence and such a result that Ruskin and Morris revolted and offered the redemptive influence of beauty. They were not apostles of some superfine, rosewater aestheticism. They were social reformers driven by that passion for social good which, if we only listen to our actual natures, is the fundamental passion within us all. The redemptive influence of beauty—that should reveal to sodden and besotted spirits the true joy of living, the true meaning of a human existence. In our churches we are busy in persuading men of these high things, but neither in its municipal organization nor in its free voluntary associations can our society unite in instituting religion as the social remedy, nor should we in any case fail to use other agencies which are less distinctly ethical.

Our society does use education in a limited and undemocratic fashion wholly inadequate to our social needs, even our economic needs. But pending the day when the democratic ideal shall make our educational system freer and more complete, let us heed the claims of beauty as a force for creating social good, and in particular of that pure and happy excitement of beauty which is offered in music. The claim falls in the first instance upon those who by free voluntary efforts in concert with others are obeying the will to love in some adequate sense of life. The time will come when the body politic itself will use the higher agencies for the creation of the highest communal life. As a mere matter of social health, as something better than drink or depravity, as a counteractive of these, music is one of the public utilities. Even the Board of Health might give it a thought. Before the municipal millennium has come, however, voluntary effort might do something for our relaxation and save us from drink and dullness.

I have heard it said that Meadville is dull. That must mean that card parties and light fiction and occasional receptions and events at the theater are not enough. The something else we need is art, and the only genuinely popular and satisfying form of art for us of this northern world is the art of music. Therefore, I argue that our social world could not organize itself for any better purpose than for the provision of good music. The community wants it and the community needs it. The only thing lacking is the organization of Meadville society to get it. My proposition is that a well organized and conducted social union could have from its membership fees a sum adequate to serve as a guarantee fund for the best vocal and instrumental music to counteract all the torpor and deadness of our northern winter. A few years ago we were exploited by an enterprising person in Chicago. We paid an immense sum to the man in Chicago for the privilege of being a musical union. The music was provided by the members without cost, and the membership fees kept at home would have financed a series of concerts of the most expensive kind. That case proves that the only thing lacking is a sensibly planned and

sensibly conducted musical union, holding on to its own money. The Round Table cannot be such an organization. I once argued that the citizens of Meadville should collectively play the role of the Grand Duke of Weimar. It was a mistake. The arts in Weimar were all due to the Grand Duchess. So it will be here.

The work must fall on the women of Meadville, but they must have the co-operation of all good citizens interested as the Round Table is in the highest welfare of our community. In particular I will point out that such an organized society could secure the performance here of the best choral music. We could have twice a year choral performances that would be a justification of the highest claims of Meadville. We have an astonishing number of singers here, capable, as experience shows, of doing difficult things. There is no better and more exhilarating pleasure than the study and rehearsal of great choral masterpieces. If some of these choral works are found in the sacred oratorios it is clear that the religious world of Meadville, which cannot meet in ritual or sermon, could find a much to be desired occasion for unity in the enjoyment of some of the great church music which has been the pure and perfect expression of the Christian soul. Meadville religion would be better for such a high expression—in harmony, not in disunion and discord.

Such a project, however, requires here, as elsewhere, a social organization. The expense of music and leadership and the guarantee of the concert expense ought to be furnished by a society of patrons. That is true in large cities. It is true here.

This brings me to my second claim: that the municipality should provide a public hall and should subsidize an orchestra. The need of the hall has several times been argued in the Round Table, and presumably there is no difference of opinion about it. Doubtless, also, we may assume that the provision of a hall cannot be left to any private business enterprise. If we are to realize the democratic ideal in this community there ought to be a common room available for all meetings and lectures which are held for the public good without the motive of private profit. The rent paid for use when profit is an element would assist in the maintenance of such a hall. Presumably some enterprises would pay a nominal rent, and others would secure the free use. I know of a Massachusetts town with one-third of our population and little wealth, in which there is a large and beautiful town hall. That institution is not only a public monument, but it has afforded a new and intense life to a community which before that was singularly dull. A social organization was immediately formed in the town to promote a higher and more enjoyable life for a New England winter. As a contribution to public good, the faculties of the two colleges in the neighborhood gave their services for a series of popular lectures, and the money at the disposal of the secretary was used only for concerts. The money was obtained by selling season tickets for the whole course at the rate of one dollar a family.

It seems to me clear that something like this is possible in Meadville. Given a large and attractive hall, a Meadville musical society could provide at nominal prices a series of concerts which could be of varying range as respects the style of music, and which would afford a delightful and elevating pleasure to our common life in winter. Until such a hall is provided for our municipal life, the question may be asked why the High School hall is not available for such a purpose. I long for the time when society shall be so organized that education shall be supposed to extend through all of life. I have complete sympathy with the Labor day motto which I once saw: "Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest, eight hours for study." When we get to that blessed era our school buildings will be in use for adults at night.

I come now to the municipal orchestra. If any one objects that municipal charters are an obstacle, the answer is that municipal charters can be rectified. What men can have in one country they can have in another. What a man can have in Germany he can have after he migrates to America. What a municipality can propose to do in Great Britain can be proposed in Meadville. City orchestras exist in Germany. They are proposed in Great Britain. Where they do not exist in Germany the same result is reached through the splendid development of music in the German army. How the thing should be managed I do not propose to consider. The sensible thing would be to find out how the Germans do it and copy them.

It is enough to set forth the principle of the thing, and that is a simple matter. If any American community can find grounds for maintaining a public library and a public art gallery it can provide public music, and instrumental music is the only means of fully realizing the object aimed at.

Private citizens in Meadville once combined to furnish instruments and uniforms for a band. That was good—but spasmodic private efforts are bound to fail. Municipal support is the only permanent guarantee. I apprehend that such a municipal provision is sure to come in America. It was attempted in Boston during the notable administration as mayor of Josiah Quincy. Popular orchestral concerts are maintained in New York by subscription. Meadville has not adequate wealth for the New York plan. Why should not Meadville take the lead in the expected policy of subsidizing an indispensable means of common happiness and common betterment from the common tax fund? Everything turns on what we mean Meadville to be. Shall it be a center of perfection, or a suburb, or simply a station on the Erie railroad? Shall it be a real city, with a complete life, or the point from which we make journeys when we need completeness? A little moving about is good. For unmixed tranquillity let a man go to Saegertown, for purple and fine linen to the Waldorf-Astoria. Some are even drawn as far as California, that far-off iridescent blur of roses and palm and cactus and sunshine and cheap wine.

But apart from these restful digressions we live in Meadville. Whatever enters into the normal completeness and gratification of a human life we ought to find here. There was a time when the restless young geniuses of Germany proposed to find the ideal by emigration. "America is here or nowhere," said Goethe; and Goethe stayed in a pretty German town and helped the grand duchess to make it the home of a complete ideal. Our question is whether we can live here in the possession of so many spiritual values that we can honestly say, "Here in Meadville the world is ours."

If we had to manufacture these values, possibly our local craftsmanship would not be adequate. But just as we do not have to manufacture local sun and stars, but simply to look up and discover their eternal circuit, so doubtless all the spiritual values are to be had right here for the seeking. All the heavenly bodies visible to our latitude will ultimately pass over Meadville. All the spiritual values that ever got entrance into human souls and made life rich and significant can be experienced here. They never vibrated in any human soul save as men wrestled with passion and doubt and despair and thrilled with love and hate and trust. It looks as if the human capacities for all this were here as well as elsewhere. There is spiritual misery and tragic error here. There is courage and self-conquest and lonely self-abnegation here. All the sadness is here and all the joys. Here, just as in Rome or Bayreuth, we may learn that a ceaseless happiness is impossible and, indeed, unworthy of us. Where one degrades himself none

have the right to happiness. We will forego happiness but we will not forego everything.

In all this emotional experience we must reach something that is perfect and self-sufficing; something whose perfection is consistent with pain as well as happiness; something which has order and harmony and intelligiblity in it, while it can make use of our discordant and piecemeal experiences; something which has the orderliness of its own law, and yet is divinely free. If there is no such element in our experience here in Meadville, then let us migrate. But the perfect is here or nowhere. It is here. We draw it down every day into our grasp by many efforts—political, moral, religious, intellectual, and the efforts of art. We are dealing with the last of these efforts. It is indispensable. We cannot live without it. Among the arts there is one that is central and in modern times dominant. When we talk of the productions of other arts we tend to use the terms which apply strictly to this most central effort to create or express beauty.

The reality which we study under the name of nature is constantly expressing itself in the beauty of objects in the phenomenal world, the world manifest to our perceptions. An artist copies these outer objective forms of beauty with some poetic quality or idea furnished from his own personality. That is painting or sculpture. But the ultimate reality can express its beauty directly to the artist's soul without the intervention of these other objects of the world of things.

Our science has assured us that this ultimate reality is an order of mathematical, logical intelligence. It is the beauty of that law and order in the ultimate essence of the world that finds utterance in music. That essential law which is at the same time freedom, which is of infinite diversity and yet a perfect unity, speaks to the musician's intelligence and offers him a mystic harmony which is of the ideal world and yet can take into its perfection our changing pains and joys and longings and give them back to us in their redeemed and transfigured form.

Just because it is so direct a revelation, music is the typical Christian art, and has been one great means of the expression of religion. It elevates the being of man above the sphere of evil. It reveals to him his kinship with an order in which evil is redeemed.

For Germany, some one has said, music is a national necessity. My plea is that for the complete life here as well as in Germany it is a necessity to turn now and then from our work and responsibilities and listen to that high translation of human life which sounds in the great tragic rhythm which Beethoven himself named "Fate Knocking at the Door," in Tschaikowsky's passionate melancholy, in the wild, gorgeous pomp of Liszt's Hungarian March, the sweet forest rustlings of Wagner's Siegfried idyll or the great throbbing surges of Isolde's Liebestod.

To have these sound through our beings and be the expression of our own buried selves is to take life on new terms—to take it as life that echoes to a spiritual wonderland. It is an elevated pleasure; and how shall we secure it? Municipal provision of the opportunity may seem to many an iridescent dream. If we had to despair of that, then we should hold up this need of pleasure to rich benefactors, that they may be induced to endow such a provision of concerts. Certainly it is to be hoped that our college of music may obtain endowments that will make it independent of commercial standards. It could to its own profit and ours hold an endowment for this special purpose.

Thirdly, until either of the foregoing means comes to pass, a social organization of patrons could make a modest beginning by guaranteeing the cost of concerts by the Pittsburg orchestra.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES. WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Jane Addams.	John Faville.	Henry M. Simmons.
Richard W. Boynton.	George W. Gilmore.	Frederick Starr.
Frederick W. Burlingham.	Fred. V. Hawley.	Joseph Stolz.
John W. Chadwick.	Emil Hirsch.	Hiram W. Thomas.
Francis A. Christie.	Albert Lazenby.	Oscar L. Triggs.
Joseph H. Crooker.	Charles W. Pearson.	R. A. White.
Frederick E. Dewhurst.	Granville Ross Pike.	E. P. Powell.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Planning for Next Year's Work at the Lincoln Centre.

In response to the call of their leader a goodly gathering of people assembled in the audience room of All Souls church, Chicago, on Monday evening last, to discuss lines of work for the year to come. These, in contemplation of the approaching occupation of the new building, necessarily involved consideration from many points of view. Wherefore a serious consultation was held, the situation considered on all sides, and individual opinions requested and freely given. Such a variety of interesting subjects were proposed for possible study as would make giddy the brain of the average earth mortal, and, for a while in the whirl of diversity, chaos seemed imminent and confusion paramount. This was but an appearance, however, for the air soon cleared, and then out of the calm stillness came the strong and convincing voice of the leader, Mr. Jones, uttering a somewhat unexpected word. This was to the effect that in view of the added responsibilities of Lincoln Centre a curtailment of some of the evening study classes would be clearly necessary. Heretofore, because of the generosity of Mr. Jones these have been numerous, large in scope and continuous. Now, however, the time was clearly ripe for change, and so it was proposed to combine the Philosophy, Browning, and Emerson branches of study and for this year supersede them with the study of Dante. This naturally involved a long discussion, for the Browning and Ruskin students felt themselves to be losing much, but the necessities of the situation became gradually clear to the common judgment, and it was unanimously voted to concentrate the evening work, the two classes to meet on alternate Monday evenings of each week during the winter. This, however, is by no means to be understood as entailing any diminution of educational privilege, for as many classes can be formed as may be considered desirable. The University Extension corps are willing to co-operate and will be at command when the proper opportunity offers. We were assured that neither Browning nor Ruskin will be omitted in the studies of next year at Lincoln Centre. The Friday morning Browning readings will be continued and Ruskin's *Munera Pulveris* may be made the basis of some Sunday evening social conferences. The Tuesday morning and Friday evening classes will continue and will study the religions of the elder world.

The works which should furnish the groundwork of study for the evening classes were next considered, and it was decided to select Charles Reade's "Cloister and Hearth" and the Divine Comedy of the great Dante. The prospect of spending a season with either of these is enough to make the heart leap. The work of Charles Reade is one of those creative presentations which fits every age and time, touching upon the vital things in art, in religion, in the home, which are as pressing today as in the time of Erasmus and Dürer. And the poetry of Dante opens up a vista of enchanting possibilities, a vast region, in which one can wander and be greatly enlightened. But here, also, we are not in the upper air altogether, for in our life of today as in the olden time, the regions of the Inferno and the Paradiso lie all about us, and we need the vision of the seer to give the light by which to walk. With the prospect, then, of these rare undertakings the approaching season spreads out richly and invites largely. Let one and all give ear. A. B. M.

The Western Unitarian Conference.

AS SEEN FROM THE INSIDE.

The fifty-second annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference was held in the Third Unitarian church of Chicago

on May 17-19. This is the first time that I have been able to attend a meeting of the conference, and I found it a delightful surprise. Accustomed to the small numbers at our gatherings on the Pacific Coast, it was a renewal of courage and hope to meet so many fellow workers who are perfectly clear about what they are trying to do, and who are consecrated to their work. About forty were present at the ministers' luncheon at the City Club. The discussion of the subject "What Shall the Preacher Preach About?" was led by the Rev. C. W. Pearson, of Quincy, Ill. As one after another expressed himself, the unity of ideal among men of strikingly different personality was remarkable. Indeed, the unanimity of spirit and the spontaneous and unforced agreement concerning fundamental matters was to me the main feature of the conference. It means, apparently, that if you give truth-loving men and women perfect freedom of thought and expression they will in time come together.

The fine meeting held on Tuesday evening emphasized another fact which found expression in an evidently natural and unpremeditated way in nearly every address that I heard at the conference. It is that our people are convinced that our work is to minister to the religious needs of men, that our primary concern is not with science, art or social reform, but with something more fundamental. "The pulpit is the place to withdraw from these special subjects to a different level in order that we may the better deal with them when we return." Miss Safford expressed the same view when she described "The Minister Needed Today." He must have a heroic loyalty to truth, must "love folks," must be in touch both with them and with the Eternal Life, and able to show those who bear burdens how to connect themselves with the sources of power. Dr. Crooker's address on "The Gospel Needed Today" insisted that it is the task of the church to make men honest, and to abolish the divorce between wealth and conscience, and also that between culture and the piety that is based upon a supreme faith in an infinite good and upon the conviction that we live in a moral universe. But the churches fail in their task largely because, while evil is furnished with up-to-date weapons, they are fighting with weapons that ought to be in museums. How can a preacher benefit young people when his very phraseology implies that he lives intellectually in the old universe? The church and the laboratory must rest on the same basis, and to serve men in a religious way we must speak their language and meet them in the thought-world in which they live.

The business session on Wednesday morning was full of interest and encouragement. The treasurer stated that, in spite of a slight deficit, this was the best report he had made in eight years. The churches had contributed so much that it had not been necessary to appeal to individuals at the close of the year. In addition to the reports from the state secretaries, there were informal but highly interesting accounts of their work by the Rev. Mr. Bryant, of Rockford, Ill., and the Rev. Mr. Newbert, of Indianapolis. The impression I derived from it all was that our cause was going forward in all parts of the country and that it is being led by men and women in whom we may feel a just pride. The presence of Dr. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association, counted for a great deal. In his Tuesday evening address, he said that the master word for us is "Together," and certainly in the Wednesday morning discussion on organization he made us feel it. Our national organization is not different from ourselves, and its officers are doing our work. The influence of his words and presence was to strengthen the ties that unite our various organizations, interests and sections of country.

The address of Mr. J. E. Williams, of Streator, Ill., entitled "Is there an Unseen World?" was a clear and strong presentation of the most recent results in the study of the psychology of religion, indicating their practical significance for religious thinkers and teachers. It was a unique and suggestive paper by one evidently thoroughly acquainted with his subject. This was followed by an address by the writer on "A Working Theory of Life." "Present Day Aspects of the Negro Problem" was the subject of a paper by Mr. S. Laing Williams, of Chicago. The speaker set forth with great power the wrongs and the needs of his race, as he conceives them, and was listened to with profound attention. The discussion which followed revealed at once the complexity of the problem, the meagerness of our knowledge and the strength of our feelings.

In many ways testimony was borne to the faithful and efficient work of Mr. Hawley, who has been secretary of the conference for the greater part of the year. We are fortunate, now that he lays down his work, that Mr. Backus is willing to take it up. The people of the Third Church of Chicago received the delegates into their homes and made them feel the welcome which the senior member of the congregation, Dr. Samuel Willard, extended to the visitors in his address at the opening session. The undersigned being called away on Wednesday evening, some account of the further proceedings must come from another hand.

G. R. Dodson.

Church of the Unity, St. Louis, Mo.

The address by Rev. George R. Dodson, of St. Louis, on "A Working Theory of Life" was heartily enjoyed by all who had the pleasure of hearing it. Mr. Dodson contrasted with clearness and precision the more commonly accepted philosophy of life and demonstrated that the best working theory is that which declares that the universe is in league with righteousness and all things are working together for good.

At the Wednesday evening session, in charge of the Y. P. R. U., presided over by Mr. W. E. Baker, the address of Rev. J. H. Jones, of St. Cloud, Minn., dealt with the social value of young people's organizations and showed that it might be made something to satisfy the natural passion of youth for companionship. He told of one society where the purely social object had developed to a sense of obligation and a spirit of service that made it a valuable part of the working force of the church.

Rev. Adolph Rossbach, of Keokuk, Iowa, emphasized the religious value of the Young People's Unions, and with a wealth of illustration from personal experience and the witness of modern psychology, insisted upon the necessity of personal self-sacrifice in the development of the spiritual nature. He showed that adolescence is the critical period which cannot be safely overlooked or ignored.

President Franklin C. Southworth, of Meadville, Pa., spoke of "The Call of the Church to the Young," and made a strong appeal to the enthusiasm of youth for the power and glory of self-sacrifice. His words must help our young people to understand that there is no higher calling or employment than that of a wise, pure and efficient minister.

The key-note to the Thursday morning session was given by Rev. R. W. Boynton, of St. Paul, in an address on "The American Child." He demonstrated the worth of proper environment, but argued that the greatest spiritual power cannot be bestowed as a gift, but must be won by the individual himself.

Rev. Edward A. Horton, of Boston, brought cordial greetings from the Unitarian Sunday-school Society and announced the decision of its governing board to continue the Western headquarters at 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. He showed in his usual eloquent and masterly fashion the value of the Sunday-school and the Sunday-school Society in providing the proper spiritual environment for the child. The discussion was opened by Rev. W. H. Ramsay, of Louisville, who paid tribute to the splendid literary and mental equipment of our Sunday-school text-books, but said that our Sunday-school services do not sufficiently appeal to the child's emotion and imagination. The discussion was continued by Revs. Newbert, White, Hawley, Day, Smith, Thayer, Safford and Padgham.

The committee on credentials reported that thirty churches and the Michigan State Conference were represented by seventy-five delegates. The Conference voted the adoption of numerous resolutions which will later be printed in full.

Mrs. E. A. Delano presided at the Alliance meeting Thursday afternoon. Prayer was offered by Rev. Marion Murdoch, and Mrs. C. V. Mersereau, of St. Louis, told "What the Alliance is doing for the Church"—helping it to grow national in its consciousness by relating the individual church to its sister churches, teaching it to live not only for itself, but for the common cause.

Rev. Minot O. Simons gave a minister's appreciation of what the Alliance is doing for all our churches. Mrs. Bella Dimmick, of Quincy, cited cases where through the Alliance persons far apart in space are brought close together in mind and heart and made mutually helpful.

Rev. J. C. Hodgin, of Milwaukee, treated the subject "How Shall we Increase the Devotional Quality of our Church Services?" He favored a liturgy of responsive services, devotional in its quality and entirely biblical in its phrasing—reading by the minister exclusively from the Bible, with comments and explanations as an exercise of instruction—prayer by the minister, prepared as carefully as the sermon, genuine, simple, expressive of personal aspiration and trust—singing congregational in its character, led by a single well-trained voice.

The paper was discussed by Rev. T. P. Byrnes, of Kalamazoo, Mr. James, of Quincy, and Rev. James Gorton, of Chicago.

Here followed the passing of a resolution introduced at the regular business session, but which had been referred back to the business committee for revision. The purpose of the resolution was to show that the Western Unitarian Conference favors the restriction of voting privileges in all meetings of our body—state, district and national—to delegates representing Unitarian churches or organizations. The spirited discussion which the introduction of this resolution brought forth showed, first, that the American Unitarian Association and its executive officers have the perfect confidence and good will of the Western Unitarian Conference; second, that to be an ideal democratic national body its voting members should be only delegates from churches, conferences or groups which annually contribute money to its treasury; third, that most of the life members now within the borders of the Western Conference are ready, in order to help toward such an end, to freely

relinquish their voting privileges, except when they are elected as delegates by some local church or conference; fourth, that the Western Conference recognizes the practical difficulty in the way of a realization of such an ideal; that it does appreciate the splendid efficiency of this national association, and that it expresses its conviction and desire not as a hostile critic, but rather as a loving member of the common household. The resolution was finally adopted unanimously in the following form: "Resolved, that it is the opinion of the Western Unitarian Conference that hereafter voting privileges should not go with the creation of life members in the American Unitarian Association."

The closing session of the Conference proper was a quiet, comforting and helpful devotional service conducted by Rev. George A. Thayer, of Cincinnati. At this service and also at the devotional service of the preceding day, as well as for both the evening meetings, the young people of the Third Church, Chicago, supplemented by helpers from the other Unitarian churches of the city, took charge of the music in a way which showed it was with them all a hearty and cheerful labor of love. In all the work of this choir, solos and choruses alike, the devotional spirit was manifest in a high degree.

THE BANQUET.

In the beautiful dining room at the Palmer House a large company gathered to enjoy the well-prepared menu, and the social greetings and fellowship around a common table which such a gathering makes possible. The toastmaster, Rev. John W. Day, of St. Louis, Mo., put the company in excellent humor by his wholesome sunny mirthfulness and his happy introductions. The first speaker was Rev. Edward A. Horton, of Boston, Mass., whose ability as an after-dinner speaker is too well known to need words of explanation or commendation. His inimitable stories served as efficient helpers to drive home the great truths he expressed concerning the scholarship, spirituality and efficiency of our Unitarian ministry.

He was followed by Rev. George R. Gebauer, of Alton, Ill. Mr. Gebauer's speech caricatured in a very clever manner the strenuous life of the city, with all its time-saving devices, and raised the question as to what people did with all the time they saved. The force of his originality and sparkling wit was greatly increased by his delightful accent when he told his hearers they had probably discovered after listening to the silver-tongued orator from Boston that his own speech was not "sterling," but common German silver.

Rev. Margaret T. Olmstead, of Decorah, Iowa, frankly told her hearers that while she appreciated humor, she had never learned how to provoke mirth. She demonstrated the fact of a growing consciousness that each man finds his life in the life of all, and to be just and kind to himself he must be just and kind to all men.

The closing address was given by Prof. John W. Cook, of De Kalb, Ill., president of the National Teachers' Association. He emphasized the fact that Unitarian teachers are not all clergymen, and traced briefly the history of the church from the time of his earliest attendance at a Unitarian service to the present time. He told some truths about the present day gospel as delivered from the pulpit of so-called orthodox churches, which showed that the liberal tendency in religious thought is rapidly becoming universal. Altogether the banquet was a most enjoyable affair, making a fitting climax to the strong program and well-attended meetings of the fifty-second annual gathering of the Western Unitarian Conference.

Following is the list of officers elected for the ensuing year:

President—Mr. Morton D. Hull, Chicago.

Vice-Presidents—Mr. C. M. Woodward, St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. H. A. J. Upham, Milwaukee, Wis.

Secretary—Rev. Wilson M. Backus, Chicago.

Treasurer—Mr. Herbert W. Brough, Evanston.

Directors to 1907—Rev. F. M. Bennett, Lawrence, Kan.; Mr. Herbert W. Brough, Evanston, Ill.; Rev. Florence Buck, Kenosha, Wis.; Mrs. E. A. Delano, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. F. A. Gilmore, Madison, Wis.; Mr. J. W. Hosmer, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Celia Parker Woolley, Chicago, Ill.

ERNEST C. SMITH,
Assistant Secretary.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

AS SEEN BY AN OUTSIDER.

The fifty-second annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference, held in the Third Unitarian Church, Monroe street and Kedzie avenue May 17, 18 and 19, was a very interesting and helpful meeting. Thirty churches were represented by delegates, who were royally entertained by the Third Church.

Dr. Samuel Willard delivered in his happy mood the address of welcome, the response being made by President Eliot, of Harvard University, who said in part: "There is no stronger union that that which exists in our denomination. When churches work in unity they are capable of far better work. With a diversity of gifts we give expression to a greater work. Our denomination stands for constructive work.

Our good attained must be only tidings of something better. We are trustees of vital Christianity. To say we cannot err is to say God exhausted himself when he made us. To presume that we can do nothing is to admit that God blundered in creating us.

There never has been a better time to live in, and to work in, than our own time. When we hear God say where is the man to go, let us earnestly and modestly say, "Here am I, send me."

Rev. Mary A. Safford, of Des Moines, Iowa, spoke on "The Minister Needed Today." She spoke so earnestly and pleasantly as to win the hearts of the conference, and it was plain to see she was a favorite throughout the meetings. Mrs. Safford spoke of the church as a life-giver. She quoted Jesus' words: "I came that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

"The minister must have convictions; mere opinions have no power. He must not take his ease, but must labor for all humanity, believing that all human beings are children of one father. He may dream of angels, but he must love souls; must be full of hope and cheer, lifting bad to good, better to best, presenting to us ideals of not what we are but what we may be. He must have power to make those around him better, knowing how to make connection between the load and the power divine, for nothing can withstand the conquering might of the eternal."

Dr. J. H. Crooker, of Ann Arbor, Mich., spoke of "The Gospel Needed Today." Ethical and spiritual rather than intellectual is needed. To knowledge must be added moral courage. The gospel needed today is one which will instill into legislator and alderman a passion for righteousness, the word of power which will make men honest. Our churches fail to make men of character. Never in the history of the world was the church more needed than today. Jesus is not to be worshiped, but to lead us to live the life which he lived.

The soldiers in the castle have laid aside the blunderbusses and replaced them with long range rifles, but the ministers are using the same methods which the brain which made the blunderbusses used, while sin is up-to-date. The spiritual beauty of Jesus is not because he came out of the heavens, but what he taught. The gospel needed today will put an honest man in every place of honor."

Several speakers urged a union of the Unitarian and Universalist churches. One thought the church should be made a university center, becoming an educational as well as a devotional institution, giving to its members courses in literature.

Mr. J. E. Williams, of Streator, Ill., read a paper on "Is there an Unseen World?" He contended there was in the subconsciousness of man an unseen world. "It is a world in which values are created, a world of worth and appreciation, a world where work is done, the world where man is brought into time with the infinite; it is in this unseen world our loves and hates are born. It is the discovery of this unseen world which has wrought about the New Thought Movement, which Prof. James says is the only original contribution of Americans to the religions of the world, a religion which does not disdain to learn from Catholic or Protestant, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Christian Science or John Alexander Dowie. It is a religion which brings light out of darkness and joy out of sorrow."

In discussing the work of the Alliance, which is the woman's society, Mrs. C. V. Mesereau scored a point by mentioning that it might be in order to form as an aid to our (the woman's) church a men's auxiliary.

Rev. J. C. Hodgins, of Milwaukee, Wis., said the mission of the Unitarian church was to be worldly, to go out into the world and transform it.

There was a feeling in the conference that the American Unitarian Association should become a representative body instead of being recruited by the sale of life memberships as at present, and the ways and means to bring about this desirable change with due regard to the rights of the present members were earnestly discussed. A resolution bearing upon this matter was passed.

C. W. MARSON.

Chicago, Ill.

Foreign Notes.

THE PRESENT WAR.

BY A HIMALAYAN DISCIPLE.

Far up on the snowy heights of the Himalayas, in a holy rock-cave, sanctified by the divine meditations of three thousand years, before a bright fire, fed with the sacred sandal and deodar, sat the great Master, to whom my Guru had so graciously taken me, to remove by doubts concerning the present Russo-Japanese war. Why should Japan, that has been trained in the wisdom of the Buddha for so many centuries, engage herself in this sinful carnage for the ephem-

eral glories of earthly empire? Is this the peace that the Tathagata had brought to the world? He came to put out all *vairo* and not to see it fanned into deadly flames by his own people! Thus had I questioned myself, and thus had I grieved at the conduct of Japan. What is Korea worth, what's the value of Manchuria—what, indeed, is the worth of even the three worlds, that for these one must stake the peace of the Buddha? These were the doubts that troubled me, and it was to settle these that my kind and ever-merciful Guru took me to the great Master.

With silent salutations we approached the Divine Form—unspotted by passion, unscarred by struggle, untouched by the breath of how many centuries he and the great God alone know. Seated on *Yogasana,* without even a tremor on his half-drawn eyelids, or the least sign of motion on his broad chest—the glow of his face and the calm sweetness of his expression alone indicating his essential vitality and manhood—he was lost in meditation when we entered his presence. Silently we went in, in utter silence did we, both guru and chela, prostrate ourselves before him and rising sat statuelike, in breathless expectancy, awaiting his return to outer consciousness. After a long, but not weary spell—during which even I, too, seemed to have lost all sense of time—the Master opened his eyes, and blessed us both, and offered us his holy hospitality. The sun had already sunk on land and sea below; it was dark on earth underneath, but the last lingering rays still dwelt in golden hue and halo on the snow-capped peaks overhead. The Master rose for his evening's ablutions, while a couple of disciples came up to arrange for the evening devotions. After these externals of the contemplative life, which even the highest adepts do not neglect, were over, we were invited to a sacred repast of fruits and honey, which finished, we came and sat before the Master once more, who, reading my inner thoughts, by the light of his own superior wisdom, anticipated all my questionings and addressed me thus:

"Grieve not, my son, for the evils that thou, in the dim twilight of thy limited vision, may'st see in this world. There is no reality in evil: the good alone is real. The Good alone in the eternal Law, what men call evil is only a lesser good, a single step in the infinite series and succession of Karma, which leads ultimately to Nirvana—the Eternal Good. No part of the universe is outside the great Wheel of Law, and as Law abides everywhere, even so does the Good also abide, for the Good is the essence of the Law. Both life and death, both peace and war—aye, even love and hatred, too, are the varied forms and modes of this eternal procession of the Law.

"Thou seest it not now. There is none else that sees it, except only the true adepts and the truly enlightened. But is this the first time that man with man has been engaged in moral war? They fought, causin against causin, friend against friend, on the sacred plains of Kurukshetra; and what was the result? Death on earth, and carnage, but peace in Heaven and the eternal beatitudes. The bliss upon which the great warriors entered in Heaven, was the fruit of the very wars that they had waged, for duty's sake, on earth below. Even the evil-minded Duryodhana, the champion of an unholy greed, was not excluded from Heaven. For the wrongs he did wore off the evil that was in him, and helped to purify his soul. Some through the wearing off of the evil in them, some through the cultivation of the good, all, my son, all gradually attain the destiny of their lives. Both evil and good are spokes in the Eternal Wheel and help to keep it up and move it toward its eternal goal. It is ignorance alone that grieves at the sight of disease, or death, or war, or carnage, or even at what people call crime or sin. Grieve not, my son, at these passing phases of life, but seek the illumination of the Buddha, and then shalt thou see, even as we do, that the peace which thou so much desirest, can only be attained by mankind today, as it was attained in the long-forgotten past, through war and carnage alone. There is no life but what is gained through death. This, my son, is Law, this is Truth.

"Why should Japan—the meek lover of Buddha, the gentle child of Asia, thou askest thyself often, in the utter anguish of thy heart—why should Japan follow the example of the carnal West to wage murderous war for such ephemeral concerns as commerce or territory? But seest thou not, my son, that though they themselves are not yet conscious of it, the Japanese are working out even through this war, the problems of that Peace which the Buddha came to give to this world? The world knows not this Peace yet—the West, especially, will never know it unless the East becomes the teacher of this holy secret. But the East is primitive, the East is barbarous—alas! the perversity of human tongues!—the East is weak, and fit only to be the serf and the beast of burden of the West. And what master ever was who would receive his lessons from his own slaves? The East must, first of all, therefore, get out of this state of serfdom. The East must learn to command the admiration of the West. The East must be the equal of the West, even in the lower and carnal arts of commerce and carnage, before she can hope to command that respect which is essential to every form of the master-and-disciple relation. Japan is preparing, thus, the way even through this murderous competition and carnage, for the illumination of Europe by the wisdom of Asia.

"But carnage is not Asia's ideal, nor commerce. She seeks even today, as she has done through countless centuries, the true life and freedom of the Spirit. To communicate the divine message of this life and this freedom, is Asia's mission to mankind. This was the gospel of the great Buddha. Even Japan has not forgotten this mission. Look yonder," he suddenly cried, and the vision of a small Japanese house rose up at once before me, and I saw there a hoary-headed Jap, standing in front of a large table laden with chemicals and instruments, engaged in some experiments in which his whole soul seemed entirely lost.

"Look yonder," the Master said, "while the European and American laboratories are manufacturing wonderful machineries and discovering more and more powerful chemicals every day for murdering brother men, this Eastern savant has made his hair gray in search of some harmless munition of war that will save the integrity of different nations from the onslaught of greedy civilizations, without loss of human life. He realized, like all his people, the need of war, in the interest of peace itself; but his refined spirit rebelled at the immensity of the sacrifice, of both life and character, which the wars of so-called civilization at present involve. People laugh at him, aye, even his own children pay scant heed to his struggles. But, my son, he is symbolic, in all respects, of the true Spirit of Asia, not weak of muscle, nor weak of purpose, but afraid, for virtue's sake, to use his strength and his powers for evil ends.

"And not one, but many are there, my son, who in Japan and China and India, are working towards the same end, who have consecrated their lives to the service of science, and are spending themselves, inch by inch, for the discovery of some great secret of nature that will make war absolutely bloodless, and help the nation who may stumble upon it to conquer murderous foes, without depriving them of life or limb.

"The discovery of anæsthetics, like chloroform, has been the first step in this direction. And the time is fast coming when shells will be charged not with knives and forks, or the brutal dum-dum bullets, but with compressed and powerful anæsthetics that, bursting overhead, will make whole armies at once to lick the earth, and to lie absolutely unconscious for some time, and unable to use their limbs steadily, for days and weeks afterwards.

"This, my son, is the development that modern war in Asia will take; and the consecration of so many lives for the discovery and perfection of these methods of bloodless war, indicates the character of the great Asiatic civilizations. Through this, my son, will come that Peace among the nations of the world, and that Good-will, that religion of Love and Goodness for which the great Buddha came and lived among men. Until then there must be all this carnage, aye, even for the ends of that universal *maitri* which Humanity has always so eagerly longed for. Fear not, my son, and be not dejected, for like yonder light that is painting the distant snow-clad tops of Himavata in bright gold and crimson, heralding the coming dawn, in the midst of the darkness that shrouds the face of the earth below, the light of the Love and Peace which the great Buddha came to give the world, has been peeping through the portals of the Eastern sky, turning their face towards which all the Bodhisattwas and all the sages and saints, and all pure-hearted men and women, have already commenced to chant Hymns of Hope and Joy. Fear not, my son, the Kingdom of Peace and Love, for which Asia has suffered so long, and suffered so much, is nigh at hand. Rejoice, aye, rejoice even at the visible evils of war and murder, for even these are pioneers of a Peace and a Life that the world has not yet known."

So saying, he rose, for it was already break of day and time for his early devotions.—*New India, Feb. 24, 1904.*

Announcements.

Pulpit notices, lecture announcements in Chicago or elsewhere, "Wants" of churches or ministers, or "Personals" of interest to UNITY readers are invited for this column.

CAMPING THROUGH YELLOWSTONE PARK AND JACKSON'S HOLE, WYOMING.

A Splendid trip at very low cost.

Party leaves July 11, 1904; returning to Chicago August 10. Cost, round trip, $130, including berths in Pullman cars, board, carriages, etc., etc. For further particulars apply to

REV. ROBERT C. BRYANT,
527 North Court St., Rockford, Ill.

NOTICE.

Rev. D. J. H. Ward, of All Souls Church, Iowa City, Iowa, is richly equipped for lecturing on sociological lines, with stereopticon illustrations. His general theme is "The Great Human Brotherhood; or, The Principal Races of Mankind." Japan, China, Russia, India, Ancient Egypt, Morocco and darkest Africa are among the topics. We wish Dr. Ward a wide opportunity.

Hillside Home School
For Boys and Girls

This school is located on a beautiful valley farm, affording the advantages of health, pleasure and study. It has modern buildings with the appliances of a laboratory and other facilities for Science, Nature, Music and Art Studies. It has a large corps of teachers, and students are fitted for colleges. It presents a combination of school, home and neighborly interests.

Write for catalogue.

LLOYD-JONES SISTERS. Principals
P. O. Address, Hillside, Wis.
Railway Station, Spring Green.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

DIVINITY SCHOOL
.....OF.....
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

AN UNDENOMINATIONAL SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

Announcement for 1904-05, Now Ready.

The Riches of the World's Latest Thought and Work

from all corners of all lands are laid before you each week in this live weekly. All the vital subjects in the entire cycle of human interest are selected from the vast globe-encircling field of periodical literature, and are presented in concentrated attractive form in the

Literary Digest

It saves you from long and aimless wandering through the labyrinth of many periodicals, and gives you in a few hours of delightful reading what would otherwise involve days of page-turning, and cost you a small fortune. No man or woman who wishes to be alert and well-posted on current history can afford to miss its indispensable and unparalleled service.

"I rely upon THE LITERARY DIGEST for my sure and quick knowledge of the current scientific, literary, and political movements and results, and really think it has come to be the best edited journal of the kind."—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

10 Cts. a Copy. $3 a Year
36 to 64 Pages Weekly. Illustrated

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
NEW YORK

"Lake Lore"

is the title of a new book descriptive of the lake resorts of Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and northern Illinois and Iowa. It is written by Forrest Crissey and just published by the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

It will be ready for distribution June 1, 1904, and will be sent to any address for six cents' postage. It will be invaluable in helping you to plan your summer vacation.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO.

WANTED.

For the LECLAIRE INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE, Edwardsville, Ill.—A competent Principal, young and enthusiastic, a competent educated Farm Manager, and students above the age of 17, half day work at farming, house building, or in factory. Tuition, board and expenses free. Address N. O. NELSON, St. Louis, Mo., or Edwardsville, Ill.

BOOKS

Send to us for any book you see advertised here or elsewhere. We will supply it PROMPTLY and at the LOWEST prices.

The PILGRIM PRESS
175 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

SEND TO-DAY FOR OUR
REMAINDER SALE
Price List.

Vacation Questions Answered

When planning your summer vacation, questions will arise which you can not answer readily.

We can tell you what you want to know about Colorado, Utah or California, the wonderful Yellowstone Park, the picturesque Black Hills of South Dakota, or the marvelous Puget Sound country.

It will be our pleasure, if you give us the opportunity, to tell you how to reach any of these points, how long it will take, what it will cost, what you can do and see when you get there, the cost of living, etc.

All these places are quickly and comfortably reached by the Burlington's thro' train and car service from Chicago and St. Louis. If you want to go somewhere for rest and recreation after visiting the World's Fair, write us

Burlington Route

P. S. EUSTIS,
Passenger Traffic Manager
P7 CHICAGO

HAND SAPOLIO

It ensures an enjoyable, invigorating bath; makes every pore respond, removes dead skin,

ENERGIZES THE WHOLE BODY

starts the circulation, and leaves a glow equal to a Turkish bath.

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

ONLY ⅓ OF A DAY
BETWEEN
CHICAGO
AND
CINCINNATI
VIA THE

MONON ROUTE

and C. H. & D. Ry.

Choice of 4 Superb Trains Daily.

DAY TRAINS Equipped with Parlor and Dining Cars.

NIGHT TRAIN, with Palace Sleeping and Compartment Cars.

CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, Traffic Manager.
FRANK J. REED, Gen. Pass. Agt.
200 Custom House Place, CHICAGO.

Looking for A Location?

Perhaps I can help you.

I have, in my office in Chicago, a vast amount of data as to the industrial needs of the Southwest—Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arkansas, New Mexico and Texas. I can tell you where there is an opening in almost any line of business. I can let you know where good land is to be had, what the price is, and on what terms it can be bought.

All you need do is—fill out and mail the accompanying coupon.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Manager Rock Island System,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Please advise me

Desirable locations for.....business

What is land worth in the vicinity of.....

I have $.....

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town or City.....State.....

Rock Island System

THE ILLINOIS CHILDREN'S HOME AND AID SOCIETY

Wants Situations in Private families for women with children.

Address

601 79 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

Wanted—A Minister

To take charge of the FIRST FREE CHURCH OF TACOMA, a well organized and strong society. He must be young, well educated, and uncompromised by sectarian connections. Address,

Alfred W. Martin,
Seattle, Wash.
"The Washington"

TO ST. LOUIS

ILLINOIS CENTRAL
CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE
RAILROAD

DAYLIGHT SPECIAL
FAST DAY TRAIN

THE DIAMOND SPECIAL
POPULAR NIGHT TRAIN